

To werne it him ye doon amis;
Sith wel ye wote, how that he
Is Loves servaunt, as ye may see,
And hath beaute, wherthrough he is
Worthy of love to have the blis.
How he is semely, biholde and see,
How he is fair, how he is free,
How he is swote and debonair,
Of age yong, lusty, and fair.
Ther is no lady so hauteyne,
Duchesse, countesse, ne chasteleyn,
That I nolde holde hir ungoodly
for to refuse him outerly.
His breeth is also good and swete,
And eke his lippis rody, and mete
Only to pleyen, and to kisse.
Graunte him a kis, of gentillesse!
His teeth are also whyte and clene;
Me thinkith wrong, withouten wene,
If ye now werne him, trustith me,
To graunte that a kis have he;
The lasse to helpe him that ye haste,
The more tyme shul ye waste.

AN the flawme of the very brond,
That Venus brought in hir right hond,
Had Bialacoil with hete smete,
Anoon he bad, withouten lette,
Graunte to me the rose kisse,
Chan of my peyne I gan to lisse,
And to the rose anoon wente I,
And kissid it ful feithfully.
Char no man aske if I was blythe,
Whan the savour softe and lythe
Strook to myn herte withoute more,
And me alegged of my sore,
So was I ful of joye and blisse.
It is fair sich a flour to kisse,
It was so swote and saverous.
I might not be so anguissous,
That I mote glad and joly be,
Whan that I remembre me,
Yit ever among, sothly to seyn,
I suffre noye and moche peyn.

THE see may never be so stil,
That with a litel winde it nil
Overwhelme and turne also,
As it were wood, in wawis go.
Aftir the calm the trouble sone
Mot folowe, and chaunge as the mone.
Right so farith Love, that selde in oon
Holdith his anker; for right anoon
Whan they in ese wene best to live,
They been with tempest al fordrive.
Who serveth Love, can telle of wo;
The stoundemele joye mot overgo.
Now he hurteth, and now he cureth,
for selde in oo poynt Love endureth.
Now is it right me to procede,
How Shame gan medle and take hede,
Thurgh whom felle angres I have had;
And how the stronge wal was maad,
And the castell of brede and lengthe,
That God of Love wan with his strengthe.

At this in romance wil I sette,
And for nothing ne wil I lette,
So that it lyking to hir be,
That is the flour of beaute;
for she may best my labour quyte,
That I for hir love shal endyte.

WIKKID/TUNGE, that the covyne
Of every lover can devyne
Morst, and addith more somdel,
for Wikkid/Tunge seith never wel,
To meward bar he right gret hate,
Espying me erly and late,
Til he hath seen the grette chere
Of Bialacoil and me yfere.
He mighte not his tunge withstonde
Morse to reporte than he fonde,
He was so ful of cursed rage;
It sat him wel of his linage,
for him an Irish womman bar.
His tunge was fyled sharp, and squar,
Poignant and right kerving,
And wonder bitter in speking.
for whan that he me gan espye,
He swoor, afferming sikirly,
Bitwene Bialacoil and me
Was yvel aquayntaunce and privee.
He spak therof so folily,
That he awakid jelousy;
Which, al afrayed in his rysing,
Whan that he herde him jangling,
He ran anoon, as he were wood,
To Bialacoil ther that he stood;
Which hadde lever in this caas
Have been at Reynes or Amyas;
for foot/hoot, in his felonye
To him thus seide Jelousye:

WHY hast thou been so negligent,
To kepen, whan I was absent,
This verger here left in thy ward?
To me thou haddist no reward,
To truste, to thy confusioun,
him thus, to whom suspeccioun
I have right greet, for it is nede;
It is wel shewed by the dede.
Greet faute in thee now have I founde;
By God, anoon thou shalt be bounde,
And faste loken in a tour,
Withoute refuyt or socour.
for Shame to long hath be thee fro;
Over sone she was agoo.
Whan thou hast lost bothe drede and fere,
It semed wel she was not here.
She was not bisy, in no wyse,
To kepe thee and to chastyse,
And for to helpen Chastitee
To kepe the roser, as thinkith me.
for than this boy/knave so boldely
Ne sholde not have be hardy,
Ne in this verger had such game,
Which now me turneth to gret shame.
BIALACOIL nist what to sey;
ful fayn he wolde have fled away,
for fere han hid, nere that he

As sodelynt took him with me.
And whan I saugh he hadde so,
This Jelousye, take us two,
I was astoned, and knew no rede,
But fledde away for verrey drede.
SHAME cam forth ful simply;
She wende have trespaced ful gretly;
Humble of hir port, and made it simple,
Wering a vayle in stede of wimple,
As nonnis doon in hir abbey.
Bicause hir herte was in affray,
She gan to speke, within a throwe,
To Jelousye, right wonder lowe.
first of his grace she bisought,
And seide: Sire, ne levest nought
Wikkid/Tunge, that fals espye,
Which is so glad to feyne and lye.
He hath you maad, thurgh flatering,
On Bialacoil a fals lesing.
his falsnesse is not now anew,
It is to long that he him knew.
This is not the firste day;
for Wikkid/Tunge hath custom ay
Yonge folkis to bewreye,
And false lesinges on hem leye.
Yit nevertheles I see among,
That the loigne it is so longe
Of Bialacoil, hertis to lure,
In Loves servise for to endure,
Drawinge suche folk him to,
That he had nothing with to do;
But in sothnesse I trowe nought,
That Bialacoil hadde ever in thought
To do trespass or vilanye;
But, for his modir Curtesye
Hath taught him ever for to be
Good of aqueyntaunce and privee;
for he loveth non hevinesse,
But mirthe and pley, and al gladnesse;
He hateth alle trecherous,
Soleyn folk and envious;
for wel ye witen how that he
Wol ever glad and joyful be
Honestly with folk to pley.
I have be negligent, in good fey,
To chastise him; therfore now I
Of herte crye you here mercy,
That I have been so recheles
To tamen him, withouten lees.
Of my foly I me repent;
Now wol I hool sette myn entente
To kepe, bothe loude and stille,
Bialacoil to do your wille.
SHAME, Shame, seyde Jelousy,
To be bitrashed gret drede have I.
Lecherye hath clombe so hye,
That almost blered is myn ye;
No wonder is, if that drede have I.
Oeral regnith Lechery,
Whos might yit growith night and day.
Bothe in cloistre and in abbey
Chastitee is werreyed overal.
Therfore I wol with siker wal

Close bothe roses and roser.
I have to longe in this maner
Left hem unclosid wilfully;
Wherfore I am right inwardly
Sorowful and repente me.
But now they shal no lenger be
Unclosid; and yit I drede sore,
I shal repente ferthermore,
for the game goth al amis.
Counsel I mot take newe, ywis.
I have to longe tristed thee,
But now it shal no lenger be;
for he may best, in every cost,
Disceyve, that men tristen most.
I see wel that I am nygh shent,
But if I sette my ful entent
Remedye to purveye.
Therfore close I shal the weye
fro hem that wol the rose espye,
And come to wayte me vilanye,
for, in good feith and in trouthe,
I wol not lette, for no slouthe,
To live the more in sikirnesse,
To make anoon a forteresse,
To enclose the roses of good savour.
In middis shal I make a tour
To putte Bialacoil in prisoun,
for ever I drede me of tresoun.
I trowe I shal him kepe so,
That he shal have no might to go
Aboute to make companye
To hem that thenke of vilanye;
Ne to no such as hath ben here
Aform, and founde in him good chere,
Which han assailed him to shende,
And with hir trowandysse to blende.
A fool is eyth for to bigyle;
But may I lyve a litel while,
He shal forthenke his fair semblaunt.
AND with that word cam Drede avaunt,
Which was abashed, and in gret fere,
Whan he wiste Jelousye was there.
He was for Drede in such affray,
That not a word durste he say,
But quaking stood ful stille aloon,
Til Jelousye his wey was goon,
Save Shame, that him not forsook;
Bothe Drede and she ful sore quook;
Til that at laste Drede abreyde,
And to his cosin Shame seyde:
Shame, he seide, in sothfastnesse,
To me it is gret hevinesse,
That the noyse so fer is go,
And the sclandre of us two.
But sith that it is so bifalle,
We may it not ageyn do calle,
Whan onis sprongen is a fame.
for many a yeer withouten blame
We han been, and many a day;
for many an April and many a May
We han ypassed, not ashamed,
Til Jelousye hath us blamed
Of mistrust and suspeccioun